neſs; yet ſympathy and benevolence give an intereſt to her ſentiments, and that vital heat to arguments, which forces the reader to weigh them *.

When I firſt thought of writing theſe ſtrictures I anticipated Mrs. Macaulay's approbation, with a little of that ſanguine ardour, which it has been the buſineſs of my life to depreſs; but ſoon heard with the ſickly qualm of diſappointed hope; and the ſtill ſerioufneſs of regret—that ſhe was no more!

SECT. V.

TAKING a view of the different works which have been written on education, Lord Cheſterfield's Letters muſt not be ſilently paſſed over. Not that I mean to analyze his unmanly, immoral ſyſtem, or even to cull any of the uſeful, ſhrewd remarks which occur in his frivolous correſpondence—No, I only mean to make a few reflections on the avowed tendency of them—the art of acquiring an early knowledge of the world. An art, I will venture to aſſert, that preys ſecretly, like the worm in the bud, on the expanding powers, and turns to poiſon the generous juices which ſhould mount with vigour in the youthful frame, inſpiring warm affections and great reſolves *.

For every thing, ſaith the wiſe man, there is a ſeaſon;—and who would look for the fruits of autumn during the genial months of ſpring? But this is mere declamation, and I mean to reaſon with thoſe worldly-wiſe inſtructors, who, inſtead of cultivating the judgment inſtil prejudices, and render hard the heart that gradual experience would only have cooled. An early acquaintance with human infirmities; or, what is termed knowledge of the world, is the ſureſt way, in my opinion, to contract the heart and damp the natural youthful ardour which produces not only great talents, but great virtues. For the vain attempt to bring forth the fruit of

* Coinciding in opinion with Mrs. Macaulay relative to many branches of education, I refer to her valuable work, inſtead of quoting her ſentiments to ſupport my own.

* That children ought to be conſtantly guarded againſt the vices and follies of the world, appears, to me, a very miſtaken opinion; for in the courſe of my experience, and my eyes have looked abroad, I never knew a youth educated in this manner, who had early imbibed theſe chilling ſuſpicions, and repeated by rote the heſitating *if* of age, that did not prove a ſelfiſh character.

experience,